LITTLE FOLKS SERIES

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

McLOUGHLIN BRO'S NEW-YORK

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE PARENT'S DEATH.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

A GENTLEMAN of good account
  In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
  Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
  No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
  And both were near the grave.

No love between these two were lost:
  Each to the other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
  And left two babes behind.

Now if the children chanced to die,
  Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth:
  For so the will did run.

THE TWO RUFFIANS CARRY OFF THE CHILDREN.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians bold,
Who were of savage mood,
That they should take the children twain,
And slay them in a wood.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
While riding on the way,
To those their wicked uncle hired,
These lovely babes to slay:

THE RUFFIANS FIGHT.

THE CHILDREN LOST.

So that the pretty speech they had,
  Made the ruffian's heart relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
  Full sorely did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
  Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
  Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
  So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
  About the children's life:

And he that was of milder mood,
  Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
  The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
  While they for bread complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring ye bread,
  When I do come again."

THE CHILDREN DEAD.

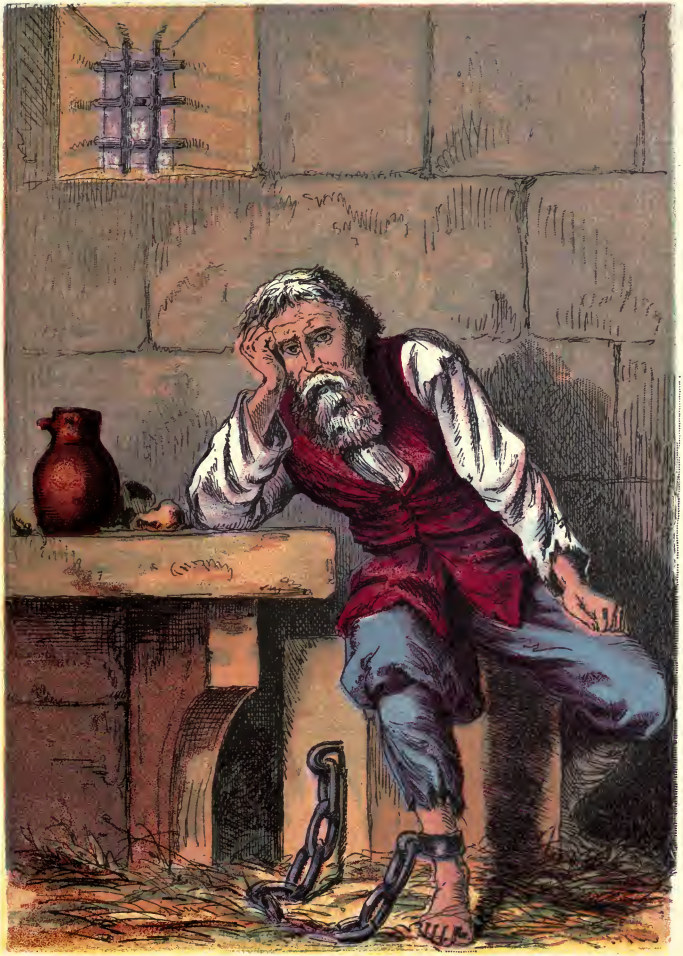
These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
  Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
  Approaching from the town:

Thus wander'd these two pretty dears,
  Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
  Poor babes, past all relief:

No burial these innocents
  Of any man receives,
But robin red-breast lovingly
  Did cover them with leaves.

The fellow that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
  As was God's blessed will:

And did confess the very truth,
  To which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he for debt
  Did long in prison rest.



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